

# Timothy

BY S. J. ROW.

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**MEMORIES.**  
Memories sunny and golden,  
Thoughts of the days ago,  
Come to my heart like the flashing  
That heralds the coming dawn;  
They, the beloved and true-hearted,  
That gladdened the days of yore,  
Are thronging through Memory's portals  
And sitting beside me once more.  
Holy and sweet are the echoes  
Deep in my heart doth dwell—  
They come like the chiming of the silvery  
Sound of a far-off bell;  
Voices, the true and tender,  
Strike on my listening ears—  
They, the beloved of my childhood—  
Friends of my riper years.  
Thoughts of that dear young sister,  
Who passed to the land of rest,  
Far from the home of her childhood—  
Far in the prairie West—  
One hope 'mid the gloom and darkness,  
Gleams bright of our sorrowing night—  
We know our beloved's sanctifery  
A glorified angel of light.  
And I think, sometimes, that these holy  
Memory haunted hours  
Are sent like the Autumn sunshine,  
To brighten the fading flowers  
So, whenever the mists of the earth-life,  
Their darkening shadows ensue,  
Bow low at the bush of twilight,  
At Memory's holiest shrine.  
Yes, they come! the loved and the absent,  
Some on earth, and some in heaven;  
And they meet around my fireside  
In the quiet hour of even.  
Like the bloom that falls the rose-leaf—  
Like the flash of the sunset sky—  
Come memories sacred and holy  
Of the loves that never shall die.

**A LAWYER'S STORY.**  
TOLD BY HIMSELF.  
About thirty years ago I was a young lawyer with nothing but my profession and two very strong aspirations. The first was to succeed and make a great name at the bar, and the other to be able to marry the lady of my love. One morning I went down to my office, which my boy had just opened, and found awaiting me there a letter which gave me the greatest pleasure: It announced in the first place the death of my grand uncle, who, with my grandfather, had cruelly turned my mother out of doors when she was a girl; and in the second place it informed me that my grand uncle touched by remorse, had left me a legacy of five thousand dollars. The writer of the letter, Martin Drew, who was my uncle, requested me to come to Tyndale, at once and get my money, and expressed much affection for me, and said his family were all anxious to see me, and many other things which excited my suspicions. That afternoon I called at widow Curtis' to inform her daughter Laura of my good fortune, and ask the dear girl to "marry the day." Laura was quite ready to comply with my wishes; but her mother said we had better wait until I got back with my money, predicting that something would be sure to happen, and asserting that the Drews were "mighty slippery fellows," and that no Van Buren, (my name), that she had ever heard of, ever had any luck. Not finding myself very comfortable in the widow's parlor, I soon withdrew, and went back to my office. The next morning I mounted my horse, and with a light heart pursued the road that led to Tyndale. I was two days upon the way, and slept the second night at a little country tavern a few miles distant from the residence of my pseudo uncle. I had intended to reach his house that evening, but the heaviness of the road prevented. The next morning I was early astir, and rode up to Martin Drew's door just as he and family were having breakfast. I was welcomed with the usual show of cordiality, by the various members of the family, all of whom, save the eldest son, George, were present. I might have believed myself among warm friends had not the memory of my mother's sufferings at that house saved me from an entire reliance upon the professions of these demonstrative relatives. Little by little, my reserve melted before their kindly words and manners. The girls were pretty and fascinating, the young men frank and agreeable. I never could resist genial manners, and before the morning hours had waned I found myself on decidedly pleasant terms with the young people, and confessing to myself that I could see nothing very objectionable in their elders.

I had intended to transact my business with all speed, and if possible to avoid breaking bread beneath that roof; and by all means to leave before nightfall. But, on one pretext or another, unwilling, I must confess, I was detained until long past midnight. At last, however, the business had been transacted, the money in my hands, and my receipt in those of Martin Drew, and began to insist on going, at least as far that evening as the tavern where I had passed the preceding night. How they gathered around me then, with smiling, entreating faces, and clinging hands. No, they said, I must not go until George comes home. He was expected every hour, and must remain until morning and see George. I was warmly disappointed. And besides, it was hardly safe to stop at that roadside tavern with such a sum of money, the people there were prying and curious, and had, without doubt learned before this, that I had come to receive my legacy. Of course I stayed, and a pleasant evening I had with these merry young people, and cordial old ones. My chamber assigned me was what in country parlance was usually called the "spare bed room," a large, pleasant room, with a carpeted floor, opening on the best parlor, and, with that apartment, separated from the rest of the house, by a wide entrance hall. Martin Drew and his two sons, (for George had returned,) in their excess of hospitality, had entered with me to assure themselves that all was comfortable for me, and above all, as they thought it was, safe for my money. There were ill conditioned people in the neighborhood, they said, and my business was well known, so that though it was hardly possible that any one should attempt to enter my house to steal my money, it was well to be careful. There were hooks to hang my coat and waistcoat upon, but I had better not leave the money in my pockets, perhaps it would be safer under my pillow, or had I not better lock it in a drawer of the bureau?

This over anxiety seemed somewhat annoying, but if there were suspicious people in the neighborhood, it was but natural. Still, I could not see that it would be as well to carry nothing of the place where I intended to bestow my money. When I was at last left a-

lone I began to hasten my preparations for repose. The two windows of the room were closed and secured by heavy shutters, but there was no lock on the door. I placed a chair against it. I then finished disrobing myself, and having decided to put my pocket book between the mattresses of my bed, and beneath my head, I had just placed it there when a slight noise in the room caused me to turn. George Drew had entered so noiselessly that he had nearly reached my side un-

heard. "I beg your pardon," he said laughing at my frightened face. "I only came back to inquire if you would like to be awakened in the morning. You did not hear my knock." He was gone as soon as answered, and again placing a chair against the door, and laying something upon it, which I thought would fall with a noise if the chair was disturbed, I extinguished my light and went to bed. It seemed as if I had but closed my eyes, though I now know that I must have slept two or three hours, when I was suddenly awakened by the sound of a door softly and cautiously shut, yet slightly creaking on reluctant hinges. I sprang up. In the intense stillness, I thought I distinguished a faint tread in the adjoining room. I thrust my hand beneath the pillow, but though it touched my watch, which I had there, my pocket book was gone. At the same instant I distinguished another sound—the opening of the outer door. I sprang from my bed and shouted for help. In the darkness I could not at first find the door. But in less than a minute I stood in the parlor, faintly lighted by the embers of the expiring fire. At that instant the hall door closed, and steps were heard upon the gravel outside. I shouted again, and in a moment Martin Drew and his younger son hurried in, and before my story was finished, were joined by George. The hall door was ajar, as the robber had left it, but before we had time to put on the necessary clothing, he had two or three minutes' start of us. We all plunged out into the pouring rain, and the darkness almost palpable; but a search of fifteen minutes was without reward, as we could trace the robber's steps only to the gate which led to the high road. We then all returned to the house, except George, who mounted his horse and rode off to the village to give the alarm.

I remained two days longer at Tyndale, aided by my relatives, in my attempts to regain my money, with extreme kindness and interest. Unfortunately for them, the very extremity of this kindness aroused, or more properly strengthened suspicion that had commenced at the moment I discovered the absence of my money. And thus all their endeavors to assist me but provided me with fresh evidence against themselves, and I left them on the morning of the third day, as fully convinced that five thousand dollars had really been taken from me, as if I had seen them there.

It was with great difficulty that I found an opportunity, on the morning after the robbery, to write and enclose, and afterwards to post, advertisements to the county papers, and notices to the banks, stopping payment of the bills I had received and secretly marked. On my way homeward I went to the county town and left such information with the magistrates there as the robbers were upon the alert, and then, satisfied that I had done all in my power for the recovery of the money, I pursued my course, and on the second evening entered the village, rode past the widow Curtis' house, and stopped at my office door. I tarried only to partake of my frugal supper, before I bent my steps to the home of my divinity, otherwise my Laura. She, dear girl, gave me as warm a welcome as if I had returned with pockets as full as they were empty. But the widow! I will not repeat her stunning abuse. I survived it all—the smoke and roar of battle died away, and in the list of wounded was but one young man—damaged in feelings, while Laura's smile consoled me in the endurance of my wounds. Two months later I received a very different welcome from the widow, when I came to announce the recovery of my money, and the indictment of Martin Drew and his sons as robbers. All was smiles and praise then from the widow, and Laura cried joyful tears upon my bosom, and named the happy day.

Young Martin had attempted to pass, when slightly intoxicated, one of the marked notes, and several others had been found in his possession. Search of the homestead, and the persons of his father and brother, had brought to light the remainder, and my legacy was once more in my hands. Martin, the elder, and his son George, were sent, for a long term, to State Prison. The younger Martin went for a shorter period, and as soon as he was released, removed the family to the West. There, probably, the father and brother joined them, when at liberty, for from that period they never reappeared in their old haunts.

As for me, I am a tolerably rich and very happy man, a little past middle life. Laura has been my wife for many a year, and sons and daughters are growing in health and beauty, and goodness around us. My legacy founded my prosperity, and my wife my happiness.

**TWO STREAMS.**—From the same Alpine mountains flow two rivers; the same rain and melted snow feed them, but each of these rivers follows the course it has traced. The one flows to the South, towards the sun; it crosses the mountains where the Greeks and the Romans successively planted the germs of civilization, the traditions of their legends, and those melodious languages spoken by the grandest poets and the greatest authors that ever honored humanity. The other river flows toward the North; it traverses the vast forests of the Germanic tribes, from whom descended the Angles, the Saxons, and perhaps the Normans; it waters cold, cloudy, industrious and resolute countries. One is called, by turns a rivulet, and a torrent, now flows, now precipitates itself through a country filled with poesy, and its contrasts, beneath a blue sky, toward an azure lake, that glorious sea which, from the commencement of ages, has seen developed in its banks all the destinies of humanity. The other, majestic and calm, bears constantly on its surface steam vessels, and reflecting the light on its long banks, shows the various buildings elevated by modern industry; it flows into that sea, or rather canal, the junction between the ocean and the Baltic, the separation of the ancient world from the modern, where perhaps some day must be decided the future destinies of humanity.

## A TALK ABOUT MARRIAGE.

Two maidens in youthful bloom and beauty sat earnestly talking. Their thoughts were reaching away into the future; their theme was marriage.

"I like him well enough," said one of them; "but—" She paused, the objection unspoken.

"What is the impediment, Alice?"

"His income is too small."

"What is it?"

"Eight hundred dollars a year."

"You might live on that."

"Live! Bah! What kind of living?"

"Not in princely style, I will admit."

"None. She must do her part, of course, if there is anything to do with. She must keep her house, if he can afford a house. But if he have only eight hundred dollars a year! Why, rent alone would consume half, or more than half of that. There would be no house-keeping in the case. They must board."

"And the wife sit in idleness all day long?"

"Could she not teach, or by aid of a sewing machine, earn a few dollars every week? or engage in some useful work that would yield an income, so do her part?"

"Yes, she might do something of the kind, but if marriage is to make 'workies' of us, it were better to remain single."

"And live in unwomanly dependence on our parents and relatives. No, Alice, there is a false sentiment prevailing on this subject, and as I think and talk, I see it more and more clearly. Our parents have been weak in their love for us; and society, as constituted, has given us wrong estimates of things. We should have been required to do useful work in the household, from the beginning; and should have been taught that idleness and self-indulgence were disgraceful. Our brothers are put to trades and professions, and made to comprehend, from the beginning, that industry is honorable, and that the way of useful work is the way by which the world's brightest places are to be reached. But we are raised daintily and uselessly, and so unfitted for our duties as wives and mothers. Our pride and self-esteem are fostered, and we come to think of ourselves as future queens, who are to be administered to in all things, instead of being ministrants, in loving self-forgetfulness, to others. No wonder that an anti-marriage sentiment is beginning to prevail amongst young men of moderate incomes, in all our large cities. The fault is in us, Alice. The sin lies at our door. We demand too much in the co-partnership. We are not willing to do our share of work. Our husbands must bear all the burdens."

Alice sighed heavily. Her friend continued: "I have read somewhere that the delight of heaven is the delight of being useful. And if so, my dear Alice, I draw upon the thought, that the nearest approach to heavenly delight here, must be that state into which a wife comes when she stands by her husband's side, and out of love for him, removes one burden and another from his shoulders, and so lightens his work, that smiles take the place of weariness and the shadowings of care. If he be rich, she can hardly do so great a work; but if they are alike poor, and know how to moderate their desires, their home may become an image of Paradise. Eight hundred dollars! Alice if you were really fitted to become Harry's wife, you might live with him, doing your part happier than any queen."

"That is, I must take in work, and earn money, if he board, or—but housekeeping is out of the question."

"No! it should never be out of the question in marriage, I think."

"But house-keeping alone would take half of our income."

"That does not follow."

"It goes for any house I would consent to live in."

"So pride is stronger than love. But pride has its wages as well as love; and the one is bitter while the other is sweet. It is this pride of appearance, this living for the eyes of other people who do not care a penny for us that is marring the fair fabric of our social life. Fine houses, fine furniture, fine dresses, parties, shows, and costly luxuries of all kinds are consuming domestic happiness, and burdening fathers and husbands, in all grades of society, with embarrassment and wretchedness. Alice, we must be wiser in our generation."

"That is, coop ourselves up in two or three mean little rooms, with our eight-hundred-a-year husbands, and do our own cooking and housework. Is that my pretty one?"

"For shame, Alice! You do not deserve a good man. You are not worthy to wed Harry Pleasant, and I trust you will pass him by, should he be weak enough to offer his hand. He can't afford to marry a girl of your expectations; he must content himself with one, who like himself regards life as real, life as earnest;—and the way of us and duty, as the way to true honor and the highest happiness."

"Suppose you take him, Fanny," said Alice, half spitefully, half petulently. She was a weak, vain, proud girl.

"If you show any interest perhaps I will."

"Oh, then, if he kneels at my feet, I will refer him to you as one likely to make him a good cook and chambermaid."

"Do, if you please. I always liked Harry, and I don't think it would require much effort on my part to love him. He is a great deal better off in the world than I am; having an income of eight hundred dollars a year, while I have nothing. On that sum I am sure we could live in comfort, taste and happiness. I would not keep a servant to wait on me so long as I could do the work of our little household. Why should I keep a servant any more than he? I would find mental recreation and bodily health in the light tasks our modest home would require. Need we care as to what the world would say? And what would the world say?"

"That your husband had no business to marry if he couldn't support his wife."

"Not by any means, Alice. The world would say, 'There's a sensible couple for you, and a wife worth having. We'll endorse them for happiness and prosperity.' And, what is more, Alice, others would be encouraged to act the same wise part, and thus be made happy through our example. I'll take Harry if he offers himself, and show you a model home and a model wife; so pass him over to me, should he lay his fortune at your feet."

A man who has done a wrong, is always fearing that his friends will rise up against him and accuse him of evil. His conscience is never at rest.

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"Did I say that we were superior?"

"One might infer from your language that you thought so."

"I don't see how the inference can fairly be drawn."

"Our circle for wives, you said just now."

"Yes."

"What do you mean by that?"

"A circle of intelligence, refinement, taste and cultivation," replied Alice.

"You don't say wealth."

"No. My father, though living in good style, is not rich. I have heard him say, more than once, that we were up to our income."

"Then we have only our own sweet selves with which to endow our husbands. No houses, or lands; no stocks from which to draw an income; nothing substantial on which to claim the right of being supported in costly idleness. We must be rich indeed, as to personal attractions."

"We are educated, accomplished, and—"

"And did not finish the sentence."

"Not better educated, or accomplished, as girls, than are most of the young men who, as clerks, earn only from seven hundred to a thousand dollars a year. In this regard, we are simply their equals. But it strikes me, that, in another view of the case, we cannot claim even an equality. They are our superiors."

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"We shall see. Here is Harry Pleasant, for instance. What is his income? I think you mentioned the sum just now."

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"That is the interest on—how much?—let me see—about twelve thousand dollars. To be equal, as a match for Harry, then, you should be worth twelve thousand dollars."

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"To the point, don't you? If I am not superior to the young men who visit us; superior simply in virtue of our sex; then our only claim to be handsomely supported in idle self-indulgence, must lie in the fact that we endow our husbands with sufficient worldly goods to warrant the condition."

"You are ingenious."

"No matter-of-fact. What have you to say against my position, Alice? Are we better than young men of equal intelligence and education?"

"No! I cannot say that we are."

"If we marry, we must look among these for husbands. Rich men, as a general thing, select their wives from rich men's daughters. Our chances in that direction are not very encouraging. Your father has no dowry for his child; nor has mine. Their families are large and expensive, and little or nothing of the year's income is left at the year's close. The best they can do for us is to give us homes; and I feel that it is not much to our credit that we are content to lean upon our fathers, already stooping under the burdens of years, care and toil, instead of supporting ourselves. The thought has troubled me, of late."

A sober hue came over the face of Alice, as she sat looking into the eyes of her friend. She did not reply, and Fanny went on.

"There was wrong in this. On what ground propose we to be exempt from the common things of life, we are ignorant and helpless. And with all this, forsooth we cannot think of letting ourselves down to the level and condition of virtuous, intelligent young men, who, in daily, useful work, are earning a fair independence! We are so superior that we must have husbands able to support us in luxurious idleness, or we will have none! We are willing to pass the man to whom love would unite us in the tenderest bonds, because his income is small, and marry for position one from whom the world turns with inductive aversion. Can we wonder that so many are unhappy?"

"But eight hundred dollars, Fanny! How is it possible for a married couple to live in

any decent style in this city, on eight hundred dollars a year?"

"They may live in a very comfortable style, if the wife is very willing to perform her part."

"What do you mean by her part, Fanny?"

"We will take it for granted, that she is no better than her husband. That, having brought him no fortune beyond her own dear self, she cannot claim superior privileges."

"Well?"

"He has to work though all the day."

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"Under what equitable rule is she exempt?"

"None. She must do her part, of course, if there is anything to do with. She must keep her house, if he can afford a house. But if he have only eight hundred dollars a year! Why, rent alone would consume half, or more than half of that. There would be no house-keeping in the case. They must board."

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## A LESSON IN OBEDIENCE.

"Jack! Jack! here, sir! lie on!" cried Charlie, flinging his stick far into the pond. Jack didn't want to go; it wasn't pleasant swimming in among the great lily leaves, and that would flap against his nose and eyes, and get in the way of his feet. So he looked at the stick and then at his master, and sat down, wagging his tail, as much as to say, "You're a very nice little boy; but there was no need of throwing the stick in the water, and I don't think I'll oblige you by going after it."

But Charlie was determined. He found another stick, and by scolding and hissing, forced Jack into the water, and made him fetch the stick. He dropped it on the bank, however, instead of bringing it to his master; so he had to go over the performance again and again, until he had learned that when Charlie told him to go for the stick he was to obey at once. Charlie was satisfied at length, and with Jack at his heels, went home to tell his mother about the afternoon's work. He seemed quite proud of it. "I've done a pretty hard work, mother," he said; "Jack wouldn't mind at all until I made him; but now he knows that he has to do it, and there will be no more trouble with him, you'll see."

"What right have you to expect him to mind you?" asked his mother quietly.

"Right, mother? Why, he is my dog! Uncle John gave him to me, and I do every thing for him, and I make him come my own self, and put him in it. And don't I feed him three times every day? And I'm always kind to him. I call him 'nice old Jack,' and pat him, and let him lay his head on my knee. Indeed, I think I've the best right to have him mind me!"

His mother was cutting out a jacket. She did not look up when Charlie had finished; but going on steadily with her work, she said slowly, "I have a little boy. He is my own. He was given to me by my Heavenly Father. I do everything for him. I make his clothes, and prepare the food he eats. I teach him his lessons, and nurse him tenderly when he is sick. Many a night have I sat up to watch by his side when fever was burning him, and daily I pray to God for every blessing upon him. I love him. I call him my dear little son. He sits on my lap, and goes to sleep with his head on my arm. I think I have the best right in the world, to expect this little boy to obey me; and yet he does not, unless I make him, as I would make a dog."

"Oh, mother!" cried Charlie, tears starting to his eyes. "I knew it was wrong to disobey you; but I never thought before how mean it was. Indeed I do love you, and I'll try—I really will try—to mind you as well as Jack mind me."

"Dear charity," said his mother, "there is a great difference between you and Jack. You have a soul. You know what is right, because you have been taught from the word of God; and you know, too, that the devil and your wicked heart will always be persuading you to do wrong. That is a trouble which Jack cannot have; but neither has he the comfort you have; for you can pray to our dear Saviour for help, and he will teach you to love and obey him alone. When you learn to do this you will not find it difficult to obey the word of God; for it will be just the same as obeying God, who has said: 'Honor thy father and thy mother; and where we truly love it is easy to obey.'"

**THE MOTHER.**  
Scarcely a day passes that we do not hear of the loveliness of woman, the affection of the sister, or the devotedness of a wife; and it is the remembrance of such things that cheers and comforts the dreariest hour of life; yet a mother's love far exceeds them in strength, in disinterestedness and purity. The child of her bosom may have forsaken her and left her; he may have disregarded all her instructions and warnings, he may have become an outcast from society, and none may care for or notice him—yet his mother changes not, her love weakens, and for him her prayers will ascend! Sickness may weary other loves, and history drive away family acquaintances, and poverty leave none to lean upon; yet they affect not a mother's love, but call into exercise in a still greater degree her tenderness and affection. The mother has duties to perform which are weighty and responsible; the lisping infant must be taught how to live—the thoughtless child must be instructed in wisdom's ways—the tempted youth be advised and warned—the dangers and difficulties of life must be pointed out, and lessons of virtue must be impressed on the mind. Her words, acts, faults, frailties and temper, are all noticed by those that surround her, and impressions in the nursery exert a more powerful influence in forming the character, than do any after instruction. All passions are restrained—if truth is not adhered to—if consistency is not seen—if there be a want of affection or a murmuring at the dispensations of Providence; the youthful mind will receive the impression, and subsequent life will develop it; but if all is purity, sincerity, truth, contentment and love, then will the result be a blessing, and many will rejoice in the example and influence of the pious mother.

Brownlow thus felicitously describes "the height of impudence." An Alabama Secession paper inquires if the Border States knew what is "The Height of Impudence?" We answer for the Border States, that it is to see and hear a man swaggering and swearing in every crowd he enters, that he will go out of the Union because he can't get his rights, by paying the privilege guaranteed to take slaves in the Territories, when, in fact, he does not own a negro in the world, never did, and never will; and withal can't get credit in any store in the county where he lives, for a wool hat, or a pair of brogans!

Of all the annoying men in the world, deliver us from the man who thinks himself more righteous than his neighbors—who imagines that his way to heaven is the only true way, and that those who don't believe in him, disbelieve in God.

The golden everlasting chain, described by Homer as reaching from Heaven to earth, and embracing the whole world, is no fable. That chain is love.

The mind has a certain vegetative power, which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wild growth.

**WHO SAW THE STEER.**  
The richest thing of the season, says the Newburyport Herald, came off the other day in the neighborhood of the market. The greener Jonathan imaginable, decked out in a slouched hat, a long blue frock, and a pair of cowhide shoes, big as gondolas, with a high whip under his arm, stalked into a billiard saloon, where half a dozen persons were improving the time in trundling round the ivory, and after recovering from his first surprise at the, to him singular aspect of the room, he inquired if "any of 'em had seen a stray steer," affirming that "the blasted critter got away as he came through town with his drove 'o' other day, and he hadn't seen nothin' on him since."

The bloods denied all knowledge of the animal in question, and with much sly winking at each other, proceeded to console with him in his loss in the most heartiest manner. He watched the game with much interest, as he did evidently never see or heard anything of the kind before, and created much amusement by his demonstration of applause when a good shot was made—"Jerusalem!" being a favorite interjection. At last he made bold to request the privilege of trying his skill, when he set the crowd in a roar by his awkward movements. However, he gradually got his hands in, and played as well as could be expected for a greenhorn. All hands now began to praise him, so that he felt that he actually had money enough to bet with, and another game offered to bet dollar with his opponent, which of course he lost. The loss and the laugh so irritated him that he offered to play another game, and bet two dollars, which he pulled out of a large roll—for it seems his cattle sold well and he was quite flush. This bet he lost as the fool might have known he would; when mad as a March hare, he pulled out a fifty spot, the largest bill he had, and offered to bet that on another game. The crowd mustered round and raised money enough to cover it, and at it they went again, when, by some strange turn of luck, the greener won. He now offered to put up the hundred he had won against another hundred. Of course he could not blunder into another game, so they could now win back what they had lost, and fleece the fellow of his own rolls besides. They sent out for a famous player, who happened to have money enough to bet with, and another game was played, which Jonathan won. Another hundred was also raised and bet and won; and it was not until he had blundered through half a dozen games and by some unaccountable turn of luck, won them all, draining their pockets of about four hundred dollars, that they began to smell a very large "mice."

When everybody got tired of playing, Gawk pulled his frock over his head, took his chair under his arm, and walked quietly out, turning round at the door and remarking, "Gentlemen, if you should happen to see anything of that steer, I wish you'd let me know."

At last accounts they had not seen the steer, but they came to the conclusion that they saw the elephant.

**A WELL AT SEA.**—Mr. W. A. Booth, the coast pilot of the revenue cutter Harriet Lane, reports the discovery of a boiling fresh water spring at sea, off the coast of Florida. He says the spring is situated twelve miles, north by east, from St. Augustine, Fla., and eight miles of shore. It boils up with great force, and can be decanted at a distance of two miles. When first seen it had the appearance of a breaker, and is generally avoided, but there is no danger in the vicinity, as there is five fathoms of water between it and the shore. Ten fathoms of water are found to the seaward, but no bottom can be reached with the deep sea lead and thirty fathoms of line at the spring itself. The water in the spring is fresh, and is by no means unpalatable. One peculiarity about this phenomenon is, that when the St. Gawk's river is high it boils up from six to eight feet above the level of the sea, and presents rather a forbidding appearance. This spring has doubtless deceived hundreds, who have hastily put about from, as they thought, imminent danger, and reported seeing a "rock with water breaking over it." The Harriet Lane has passed through it several times, and water has been drawn from it by a bucket thrown over the side, and when drank no unpleasant taste or smell has been found. Its position and natural history has never been long unknown, but now the supposed danger has become, as it were, "a well of water in a barren land."

A strange affair is related in the Russian journals. At Moscow, one night the occupiers of a vast house at the corner of Great West street were awakened by a glare and cracking of fire, and on getting up, found that a large pile of wood fuel, consisting of logs of fir, trees which had been collected in the court-yard, was in flames. The conflagration was extinguished as quickly as possible. On examining the remains of the fire, the calcined bones of a female were found, and it turned out that a widow named Theleska T., about forty years of age, who had lived in the house, had disappeared. Nothing could be heard of this woman, and as she had repeatedly declared that in these times the sacrifice of human victims is necessary to appease the wrath of God against sinners, the conclusion was come to that she had lighted up the fire and placed herself in the midst of it to be consumed. In the Russian empire, the Moscow journals state, self-eremation, from motives of religious fanaticism, is not rare. In the province of Olonez, for example in the course of last spring, not fewer than fifteen persons men and women, burnt themselves to death in the belief that they were performing an act pleasing God.

**VERY KIND OF YOU, LADIES.**—A deputation of ladies waited upon the officers of the Massachusetts regiments at the Capitol, and proposed to do their sewing. "Thank you; it is very kind of you, ladies, as we have tailors in our ranks, they do all our sewing." "Can we not make you bread?" "No, ladies; we have a baker in our ranks, and have erected an oven in the basement. Will you walk down and see it?" The ladies were shown a very efficient oven, and some of the finest bread ever baked. The ladies retired, assured by the officers that their kind offers were appreciated, though not required. The Massachusetts men are nearly all mechanics, and their numbers embrace artisans in almost every department of mechanical skill. Already they have been required, on the route to Washington, to put up and run steam engines, lay railways, build bridges, man and navigate ships, and pilot steamers.